Love to Harold.

52
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621

Monday

Dearest Clive! what a fatter he is! Ivan
swoon by Nessa to tell no one of his heartiness,
& he tells everyone. Or I had meant to ask you to
Dine. And now Clive has. You do it & pretend I swoon —
one can't tell people this in every week. But you —
Oh yes - you. You is all right.

I am jealous of Elena Richmond. Did she say she
loved me? Years ago, pared down, with her
head held high. She was divine: since then,
her power dear must have sunk in the air &
gone out. But still I love her.

Oh & I've talked so much — so much too much — &
I have to go to Lady Cunards. & then Lord David —
then George Duckworth & then — & then.

Honey, tell me when you're coming
I want to sink into your arms & feel the
sentimental & the fine light. (This is a
line from an old description of you. You
just read.) Write. V.

Orlando has now sold 13000 copies in America: that's the last time I mention him

Monday 8th January 1928.

52 Tavistock Sqre.
WC1.

The station will be Friedrichstrasse

Dear I hope you have got the wire, & taken the rooms. You will think us a little crazed. The truth is when I read to Vanessa Vita is taking us rooms, it rose in my mind that you meant us a pension, & the picture which then presented itself to us all sitting round a plant eating cold beef was so dismal that we instantly signed a round robin & sent it off. Next day, on reconsideration, I conceived of rooms in a hotel, & seemed likely that they would be chosen with tact & insight, so, meeting Nessa over a very late breakfast, — I think Clive was pouring out his feelings to her — I re-plotted the abduction. Leonard & I shall arrive on the 17th, travelling by sea, by the Hook, your way. The others are going by Brunswick to look at a picture, & will arrive on the 18th. We shall have one whole week, leaving on the 24th — but I don't think after. What I think of arriving Seeing Vita black scarlet under a lamp with a dog on a string. As the train draws up the dog will run the wrong way round a pillar: Vita will then be in difficulties with bits her under lip. & so stride through a crowd of dumbfoundered greasy grey women to meet us. What station it will

he I work tell you later. Vita work say Hello Virginia! Leonard with stoop
part the dog. He work compare her work Pinker, a of ~~I am tact fu~~
you are tactful you work say "But Pinker's much better colour, Leonard" —
then we shall all feel happy.

I am as usual working quicker than the clock ticks. I have been talking about V. Sackville West to a man called Wells — who is succeeding Crosby Gaige as publisher of pale green pricelen Edition. The desire of his heart is to publish a book by V. Sackville West. He reads a copy of Seducers on the liner, & the little page was torn off. Being enchanted he went to the Librarian, who said "I'll look up the author's name in my catalogue" & then said "By Virginia Woolf." I had to disengage myself from his compliments. I said I would try to copy a and the Seducers, and the Land out upon

But why am I working so fast? I am in a mixed mood, flying before the fury of my own devils. They have started a pumping machine in the hotel basement which shakes my studio: 25 minutes pumping like the head of a rhythmical Elephant: then 25 minutes silence. I try Ca Stoffen; I try Sabena: finally I am trying psychology. If, I say to myself, you can imagine that the pumping is the sound of Time clock made audible, which for all your life you work measure the day into shares of 25 minutes, you will take the sound into your blood stream, where it will become nonsense as the beat of the heart. Ah is habit. So far?
have not triumphed. There! it began again.

And I am in a more thought do all-politics for the part, a go-between Clive, Mary. Their dissolution. She thus a dinner table after a party, so deferent me that I volunteered help. So Mary dear with me to morrow. So I shall be clawed between the two. And so nothing will come yet. What's more, when I ran in to Vera's this morning there he was in that 2 fur coat sitting over the fire. He had been seeing a lady off at Victoria, & staying for. He had been seeing a lady off at Victoria, & staying with Rich Keynes & seeing Dottie: & "Lytes whizzing so fast" he said. "I don't know if I'm awake or asleep". This is the

52 Tavistock Square,
London,
W.C.1

Telephone: 2621 Museum.

One day I got into a fury with Arab; & said "I will stand this no longer", & made off to Greenwich by myself. What an adventure! How your hands & skeletons hale beside it! Think. I had lunch in a shop. Think - I sat on the pier & saw the ships bowling up. Women were walking on deck. Dogs looking out of portholes. The Cathedral on the Hill. Never was anything so romantic & lovely. And then I wandered about the Hospital, & saw Nelson's coat that he wore at Trafalgar, & his white stockings, & almost wept. What a day it was! How I shall remember it to the end of my life. Lets go there together.

I have written myself out of health - 30,000 words in 3 weeks; & now want to live & steep myself in other peoples books. I want to wash off all my own ideas. So I have been reading & reading, & making up a new little book for the Hogarth Press (of it survives) on Six novels. A good idea, don't you think? Picking Six novels from the mass, & saying my say of everything there is to be said about the whole of literature in perhaps 150 pages. I've been reading Balzac, & Tolstoy. Practically

Every Scene in Anna Karenina is branded on me, though I've not read it for 15 years. That is the origin of all our Dissentient. After that pleasure we had to break away. It wasn't Wells, or Galsworthy or any good mediocre worthy wishy realists: it was Tolstoy. How could we go on with Yes & realism after that? How could they go on with frontier plays after Shakespeare? It's the brain, after all, literature; & it wants change & relief. The text book writers cut it up all wrong (the telephone: Leonard's mother: is sending us a Cake — I'd whose was I? Literature is all one brain.

It suddenly strikes me, this will be my last letter to you. Want it? That is rather exciting. But not your last to me. All our plans are run through by the Editor of the Nation. We only get 3 days now, & so to some obscure inn as far away as we can find in Dorset there perhaps, & perhaps land up on Thomas Hardy's door step. France is shut off — till June perhaps.

Will you be walking in town? Will that be exciting? Nothing compared with my brigands & 20 cr, Vita with Jay. Never mind — She shall say what she likes, & be as condescending as she chooses provided she is kind to that poor Weevil, Virginia, & Dog Grizzle who sends her love.

008 Telegramm **Deutsche Reichspost** HStA Berlin

412 London 3511 21/19 8 2/40 =

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letter cancelled reserve two rooms from 17 th three more

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let me know if you want anything brought.

Friday.

I work in such a hurry that I might that I expect I failed to explain that Leonard & I arrive at the Friedrichstrasse station on Thursday at 5.21. & shall go to the Prinz Albrecht if we don't see you. Could you possibly see let us have a line to say what street it is in, as it's not marked in the 'Baedeker'

I see that one out of every 15 people has influenza in Berlin, so I'm arranging to catch it in the last day, stay on.

Lud! what unhappy letters you do write from Berlin! V.

Sunday

Well, here I am in bed.
Had to be hauled out of my
berth at Harwich —
a mixture of the Somnifene,
flu, & headache —
apparently. Quite dazed.
But I'm better. Only
Gloria the Dr. makes me
stay in bed & do nothing
& eat & eat & eat —
I wish I could see you
Berta. I wish I could. I'm much better
Do write.

today. Berlin was quite
worth it anyhow.

Love,

Virginia

The doctor just brings
rays to the flue
& I shall be able
to get up
Thursday.

Ham

NYPL

HAMILT. BARKER 2/5/62